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SAVAGE TALES

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CONTENTS

A QUESTION OF HONOR
by Doug Murray and John Severin 6

THIS ROUND'S ON ME
by John Arcudi and Vincent Waller 14

HISTORY LESSON
by Charles Dixon and Paul Kirchner 22

THE STRAY
by Charles Dixon and John Severin 30

THE GRASS
by Charles Dixon and Dave Morris 38

Jake Lime in STICK IT TO ME!
by Dennis O'Neil and Malcolm Davis 47

GISELLE
by Charles Dixon and Ken Steacy 58

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DIRECT D.X. EXCHANGE

Gentlemen(?):

Having just gone through issues #1 and #3 of SAVAGE TALES I can only say, "Where have you been all these years?" I'm not referring to "Blood and Gutz" and "Good Ol' Boys," (though they're nice pieces of nonsense in their own right). I'm referring to honest-to-God, old-fashioned, accurate, all-out war and westerns like "By Rail to Vladivostock," "The Canyon of the Three," "5th to the 1st," "Avengers," and "Across the Rio Grande." Honest guys, recent war and western pieces have deteriorated into mindless, technically inaccurate junk like (no offense Marvel) G.I. JOE or else art that doesn't catch the feel and look of the period. Hopefully, you'll revive the same spirit of blood and guts realism that made EC's TWO-FISTED TALES and FRONTLINE COMBAT work. (Seeing as you've got John Severin on your side, I'd say you're halfway there.)

By the way, I love THE SKYWARRIORS. Despite its futuristic setting, I love an old-fashioned air combat series. Also, how about some more 'Nam pieces by Murray and Golden? (Provided it doesn't give them any bad trips in the process.)

All in all, keep up the good work. Just remember us war and history lovers, too.

Respectfully yours,
Scott E. Zeiss
Riverdale, MD

"(?)" is right, Scott. We're not all gentlemen. Thank you very much.

Dear Larry,

When I saw the cover of SAVAGE TALES #3, I grabbed it up fast. Opened it to the first page and was overwhelmed at the picture of the two grunts holding off the VC human waves with their 7.62 M-60 machine gun. I flipped hurriedly through twice, but no VietNam stories.

I think it's a low step to put VietNam pictures on the cover just to get customers to pick it up, and then not run a story, especially after printing that you would in the letters page in #2. Oh well, I

guess two pictures are better than none.

David Tullock
Louisville, KY

We meant well, though. Oops.

Dear Larry,

I have in my possession all three SAVAGE TALES. I've been waiting for a magazine with pep, adventure, excitement. I think I've found it. But I have two comments.

1.) Please bring "5th to the 1st" back. I couldn't wait to buy #2 and #3 just to read this story. (Nice job, Doug Murray and Michael Golden!)

2.) "Blood and Gutz" and "Good Ol' Boys" are my second and third favorites.

Sincerely,
Ken Davenport

P.S. Good job, Will Jungkuntz, Don Kraar, and Vincent Waller.

Dear Larry,

Having been suitably impressed by your debut issue (see my previous letter), I snapped up the copy of SAVAGE TALES No. 2 in my comics shop. I'm glad I did.

Goodwin and Severin continue to thrill with their gutsy, historically-based dramas of men at war. "RAID!" was a good combination of being both informative *and* powerful. Great stuff.

"GOOD OL' BOYS" didn't do that much for me, so I can't honestly see this progressing very far beyond this episode. Vincent Waller's art showed promise, though.

While "MEXICAN STAND-OFF" started on a good note, it soon fell into a cliched pattern and was capped off by a trite finale; Morrow's artwork was the sole saving grace here.

"A SLIGHT DELAY," by Skeates and Reese, reminded me a lot of Steven Spielberg's movie "DUEL" (his first professional film, I believe). That *was* supposed to be taken as a compliment, this being a tense little tale of highway survival. Reese's non-glamorous style of illustration perfectly complimented the story's contemporary, urban setting.

Despite the fact that I *do* enjoy reading both "SKYWARRIORS" and "BLOOD AND GUTZ," I somehow feel that they are out of place in this magazine. I'd much rather have SAVAGE TALES centering on realistic war stories (you've got plenty of conflicts to choose from, and not just ones fought by Americans), than see it give way to these MAD MAX-inspired "after-the-apocalypse" gun-fights. I know that such a move may limit your audience to an extent, but it's just a suggestion.

Nonetheless, I like SAVAGE TALES for its ultimately 'raw,' unpretentious feel, and because it features some of America's best comic creators, both old and new. Definitely no "namby-pambiness" here—Thankfully!

'Till next time,
Kevin Patrick
Australia

PS: While we're on the subject of finding suitable music to listen to while reading SAVAGE TALES, try out Gustav Holst's "MARS, THE BRINGER OF WAR," from Holst's "PLANETS" symphony. It's ideal!

Will Jungkuntz passed away on November 5, 1985 while in the midst of finishing the latest installment of "Blood and Gutz." He was thirty years old.

Will put his heart into his work, but in the end, his heart betrayed him. He gave us pleasure in his creations and in his presence and we're going to miss both.

Will's last story, "Escort Service, Part II" is being finished by friends and will be printed in an upcoming issue.

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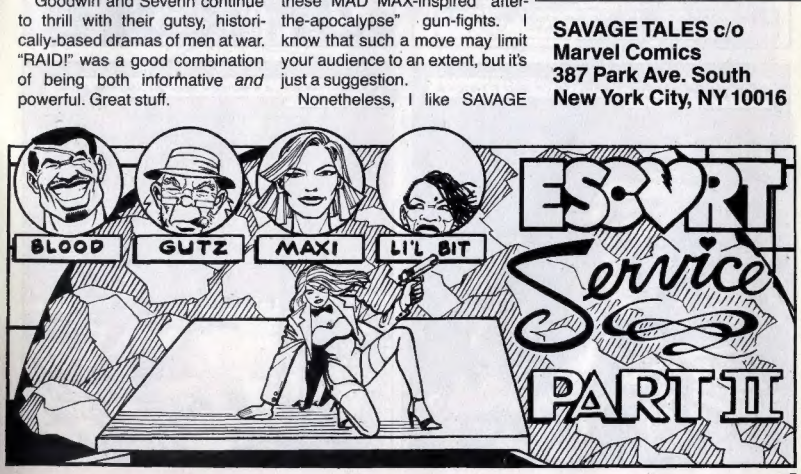


A QUESTION OF HONOR

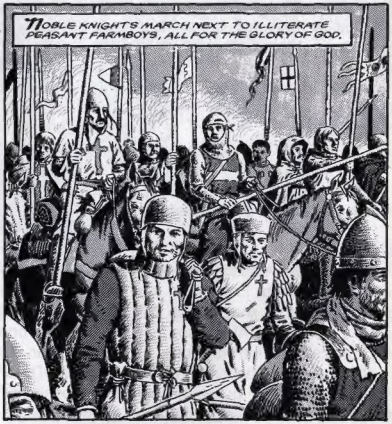
DOUG MURRAY
TALE

•

JOHN SEVERIN
ART

•

JANICE CHIANG
SCRIBE



KEEP THE SARACENS MEAN TO HOLD.
IN THE NAME OF THE TRUE GOD! SURRENDER YOUR CITY.
IN THE NAME OF ALLAH--

WHY SHOULD ALL THESE GOOD MEN DIE? RATHER, LET YOUR LEADER MEET ME IN SINGLE COMBAT!

THE WINNER TO HAVE THE CITY WITH NO FURTHER BLOODSHED.

AYE--PERHAPS WE WILL SEE THE HOLY CITY!
GOD SMILES UPON US!

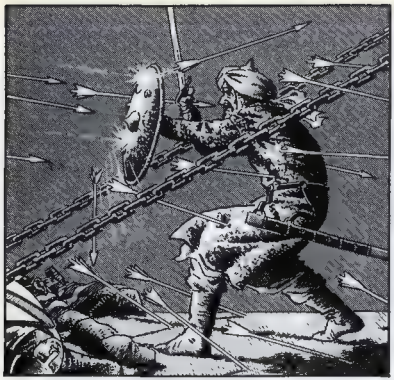
AN HONORABLE OFFER! WHAT SAY YOU, SIR TEMPLAR?

I SAY NAY! IT IS SOME SARACEN TRICK!

YOU MEN, SLAY THE SARACEN! SHOW THE PIGS THE WILL OF GOD!

METHINKS OUR LEADER LACKS COURAGE!
AYE, BUT THE SARACEN DOES NOT.
LIKE A FINELY-HONED FIGHTING MACHINE...
THE SARACEN DEMOLISHES THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHTS.
GO! THERE IS NO REASON FOR MORE TO DIE! TELL YOUR LEADER TO FACE ME.

COWARDS! FIVE OF YOU COULD NOT BEST ONE INFIDEL?
IN THE NAME OF GOD, MY LORD, SURELY --
SILENCE! ARCHERS! LOOSE! FINISH THE DOG!
METHINKS THAT THE TRUE DOG IS NOT BEFORE US.
AYE--BUT HE IS THE COMMANDER!
WE MUST OBEY. BUT MY HEART IS NOT IN IT.

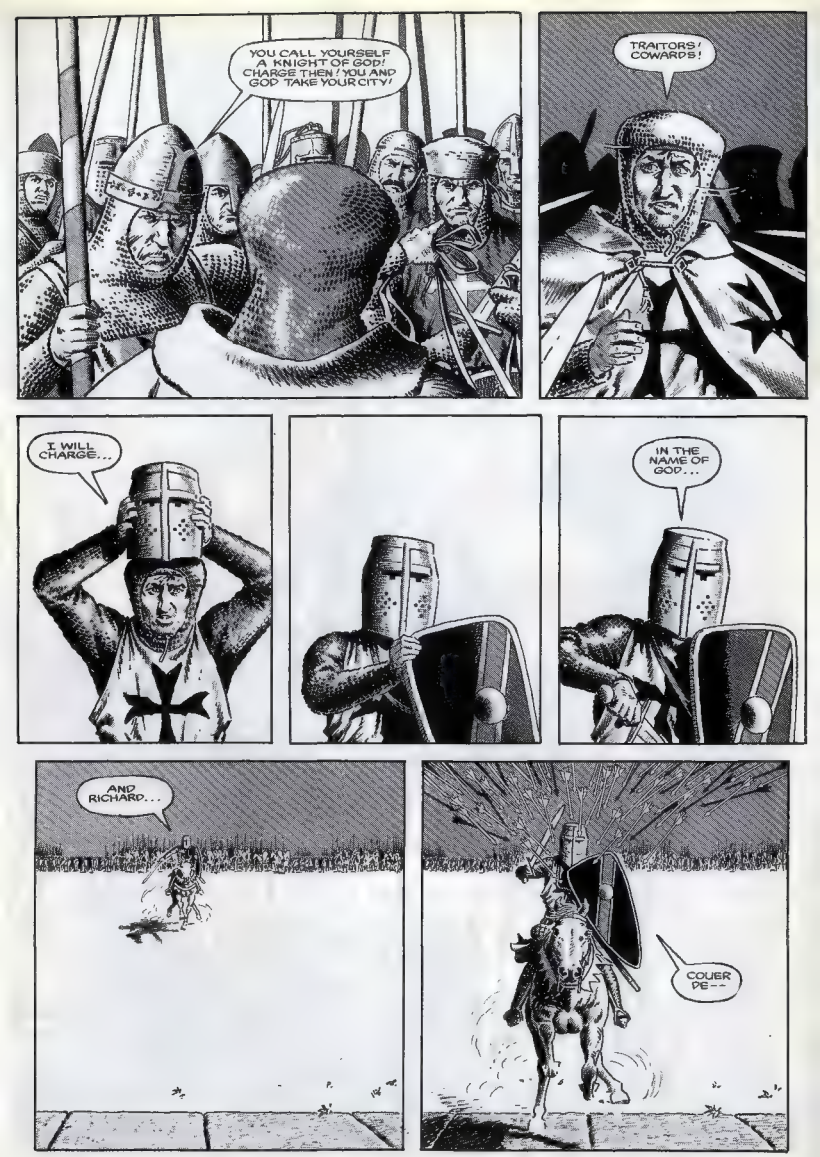


SO, THIS IS THE HONOR OF THE "TRUE GOD"!

BETTER I DIE FOR ALLAH--HIS WILL BE DONE!

HE'S DOWN! CHARGE NOW! TAKE THE CITY!

NAY, TEMPLAR. GOD CANNOT BE WITH AN HONORLESS MAN!


YOU CALL YOURSELF A KNIGHT OF GOD! CHARGE THEN / YOU AND GOD TAKE YOUR CITY!
TRAITORS! COWARDS!
I WILL CHARGE...
IN THE NAME OF GOD...
AND RICHARD...
COUER PE--

THE TEMPLAR IS DOWN OUR HONOR IS RESTORED.

IN THE NAME OF THE TRUE GOD, AND RICHARD COEUR DE LION--CHARGE! TAKE THE CITY!

PIPESTONE, MINNESOTA IS A PRETTY SMALL TOWN. I BET YOU NEVER EVEN HEARD OF IT. NEITHER HAD I BEFORE SEPTEMBER OF '46 WHEN I PULLED MY LAST BANK JOB WITH VINCE ALONZO. A SMALL TOWN WITH A SMALL POLICE FORCE, BUT THEY ALL TURNED OUT WHEN VINNIE'S TRIGGER FINGER LET THEM KNOW WE WERE TAKING THE WHOLE COUNTY'S SAVINGS.
THIS ROUND'S ON ME!
RATATATATATATATATATA
SHOOT... EMPTY! WITH TWO BULLS YET TO PLUG! WHERE'S RITA?
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
WHO CARES, WE GOT A MESS TO CLEAN UP.
KRAK KRAK KRAK

STORY- JOHN ARCUDI ART - VINCENT WALLER LETTERS - DIANA ALBERS

HEY, DIDN'T YOU SAY THERE WERE TWO MORE COPS?
VAROOOOOOOM
WHOMP
SCREEEEEEEE
I'M NOT LATE, AM I?
MOVE OVER HONEY.
2

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR HER TO START IN ON ME.
YOU BOYS SHOULD LEARN TO WATCH YOUR BACKS.
THEN WE'D HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO USE FOR YOU, WOULD WE?
BANG
DON'T TALK THAT WAY TO HER. I SWEAR, I WISH YOU TWO WOULD GET ALONG.
SLUT.
YEAH, DOUG, WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?
SKIP IT BABY. HIS ONLY FRIEND IS THAT BROWNING OF HIS. TO ME, A HEATER'S A HEATER.
'CEPT THIS HEATER CARRIES THIRTEEN ROUNDS, THAT'S SIX ROUNDS HOTTER THAN YOURS.
DOUG, IF YOU CAN'T GET THE JOB DONE IN SEVEN ROUNDS, MAYBE YOU OUGHTA GET OUT OF THE BUSINESS.
STATELINE
3

WHEN WE GOT TO OMAHA, I GOT MY OWN HOTEL ROOM, AND LET THE LOVEBIRDS HAVE THEIRS, NOT THAT I FIGURED ON GETTING ANY PRIVACY ANYWAY.
C'MON DOUG, YOU AIN'T SEEN JERRY WILLIS IN YEARS.
THERE'S A GOOD REASON FOR THAT, I HATE THE BUM. IF YOU WANNA GET DRUNK WITH HIM GO AHEAD.
AH-- YOU PSYCHO, YOU HATE EVERYBODY, DON'T YOU?
JUST ABOUT. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE RITA?
WHAT, GET BLITZED WITH MY WIFE? YOU ARE CRAZY.
I'D JUST FINISHED CLEANING MY PIECE WHEN I HAD ANOTHER VISITOR
HI DOUG.
NOW THAT STUPID'S GONE, WHAT SAY WE GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER.
4

GET OUTTA HERE, YOU MAKE ME SICK.
OH DO I?
I THINK YOU'RE LYING.
C'MERE.
OOOFF!
THUMP
UNNGHH!
KOFF, KOFF.

AFTER A FEW HOURS AND A FEW DRINKS I FIGURED I SHOULD GET BACK AND EXPLAIN TO VINCE... HE HAD TO KNOW SOONER OR LATER WHAT A TRAMP HIS WOMAN WAS--
HEY DOUG, BEEN LOOKING FOR YA.
BOOM
BA
OR MAYBE NOT.
THAT WAS A ROTTEN THING TO DO, DOUG. IT JUST AIN'T RIGHT, NOT WITH YOUR PAL'S WIFE, IT AIN'T RIGHT...
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
I GUESS RITA HAD TOLD HIM HER VERSION OF HOW THINGS WENT. BEING STONED MADE HIM EVEN MORE TRIGGER HAPPY THAN USUAL. I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO OPEN MY MOUTH.
KRAK KRAK
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, NOTHING WILL BRING A MAN DOWN LIKE A .45 SLUG. I FIGURED MYSELF A GONER, WHEN I HEARD IT.
6

THE DRUNKEN JERK WAS OUTTA AMMO.
CLIK CLICK CLICK
I DIDN'T GIVE HIM THE CHANCE TO RUN, NUMBER EIGHT GOT HIM IN THE BACK.
Y'KNOW VINCE, I THINK YOU SHOULD GET OUT OF THIS BUSINESS.
NINE.
TEN.
ELEVEN.
TWELVE.
7

KNOCK KNOCK
VINCE?
OH, VINCE, YOU DIDN'T HURT HIM, DID YOU?
I WAS SO WORRIED WHEN YOU LEFT HERE THAT YOU MIGHT DO SOMETHING AWFUL..
THIRTEEN.

PROLOGUE—
IN SEPTEMBER OF 1939 POLAND FELL TO THE GERMAN BLITZKRIEG.
LESS THAN A YEAR LATER, THE WARSAW GHETTO WAS CLOSED BY ORDER OF THE SS.
JUDEN
VERBOTEN!
THE GHETTO CONTAINED ALMOST ALL OF WARSAW'S HALF MILLION JEWS, WHO WERE SYSTEMATICALLY ROUNDED UP.
THEY WERE MARCHED OUT OF THE GHETTO BY THE THOUSANDS TO RAILCARS BOUND FOR THE DEATH CAMPS.
AS THE GHETTO WAS EMPTIED, THE OUTER BUILDINGS WERE DESTROYED AND THE BARREN BLOCKS COVERED BY MACHINE GUNS.
IN THE SPRING OF 1943, THE SS CAME TO GET THE LAST OF THE JEWS.

HISTORY LESSON

CHAIM, YOU HAVE THEM?
I HAVE THEM, DON'T WORRY.
AND SO WHEN THE NAZIS NEXT COME, IT WILL BE FOR ALL OF US. WE MUST DO SOMETHING TO STOP THEM.
IT IS ABOUT TIME! IT IS TIME WE FOUGHT THE GERMANS!
NO, NOT FIGHT.

STORY: CHARLES DIXON
ART: PAUL KIRCHNER
LETTERS: BILL PEARSON

DO THEY ALL WORK?
I DIP NOT TEST THEM. THEY LOOK AS THOUGH THEY WILL WORK.
HE ONLY HAD A FEW ROUNDS FOR THE SHOTGUN.
WE WILL NOT GO WITH THE NAZIS LIKE SHEEP THIS TIME.
NOW THE SHEEP HAVE TEETH!
NOT FIGHT? WE MUST FIGHT. OR WE DIE!
THERE IS ANOTHER WAY.
WHAT?
ALL OF THE MERCHANTS HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO A FUND... A TRIBUTE. WE SHALL OFFER THIS TO THE GERMANS IN RETURN FOR OUR LIVES.
YOU ARE A FOOL! THE NAZIS CAN KILL US ALL AND THEN STEP OVER OUR BODIES TO STEAL EVERYTHING WE OWN!

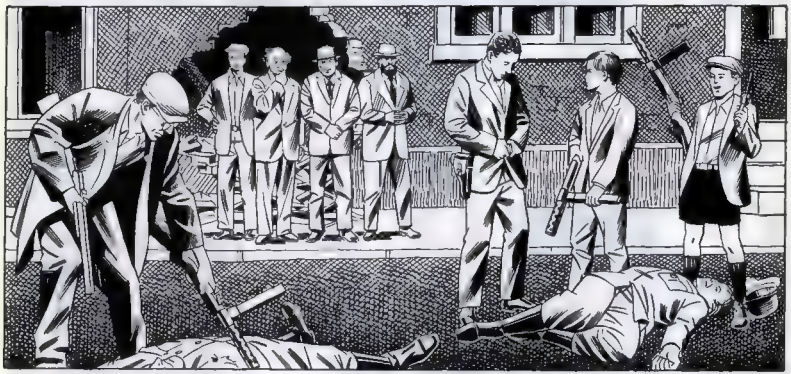
BE READY! THEY WILL COME FOR US SOON!
THEY ARE COMING.
THEY ARE COMING!
WE WILL PAY THEM TO LEAVE US ALONE.
OLD FOOL! THEY MEAN TO KILL US. EVERY JEW IN WARSAW IS TO DIE!
WOULD MOSES HAVE OFFERED GOLD TO THE PHAROAH? WOULD DAVID HAVE BRIBED THE PHILISTINES? YOU WOULD USE MONEY TO SAVE US FROM THE NAZI PIGS?!
BY THIS YOU MAKE TRUE ALL THAT THEY SAY OF US. THAT A JEW IS ONLY AS GOOD AS HIS MONEY!

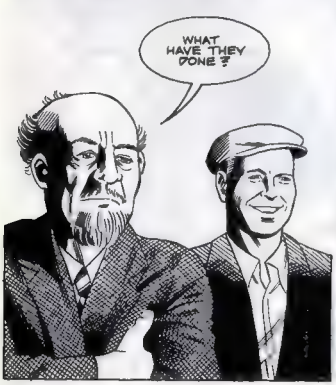
AND WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US DO, WOLOV?
BUY GUNS! WE ALL KNOW THAT THERE ARE STILL WAYS OUT OF THE GHETTO. WE CAN USE THE MONEY TO BUY GUNS ON THE BLACK MARKET.
NO! WE CANNOT!
WE ARE NOT SOLDIERS!
WOLOV IS MAD!
BLAM! BLAM!
SHOTS! GUNSHOTS!

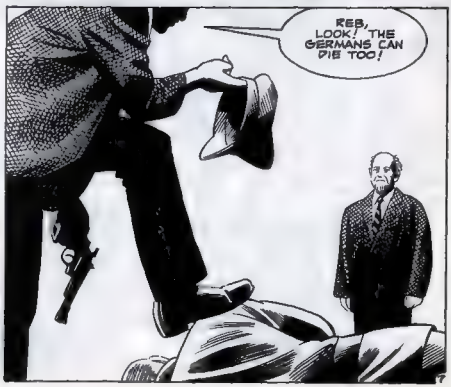
BLAM
KRAK
BLAM
UNGH!
POW
POW
BA
BOOM
WHAT? ... HUH?
NO... LITTLE BOY... DON'T...
BLAM

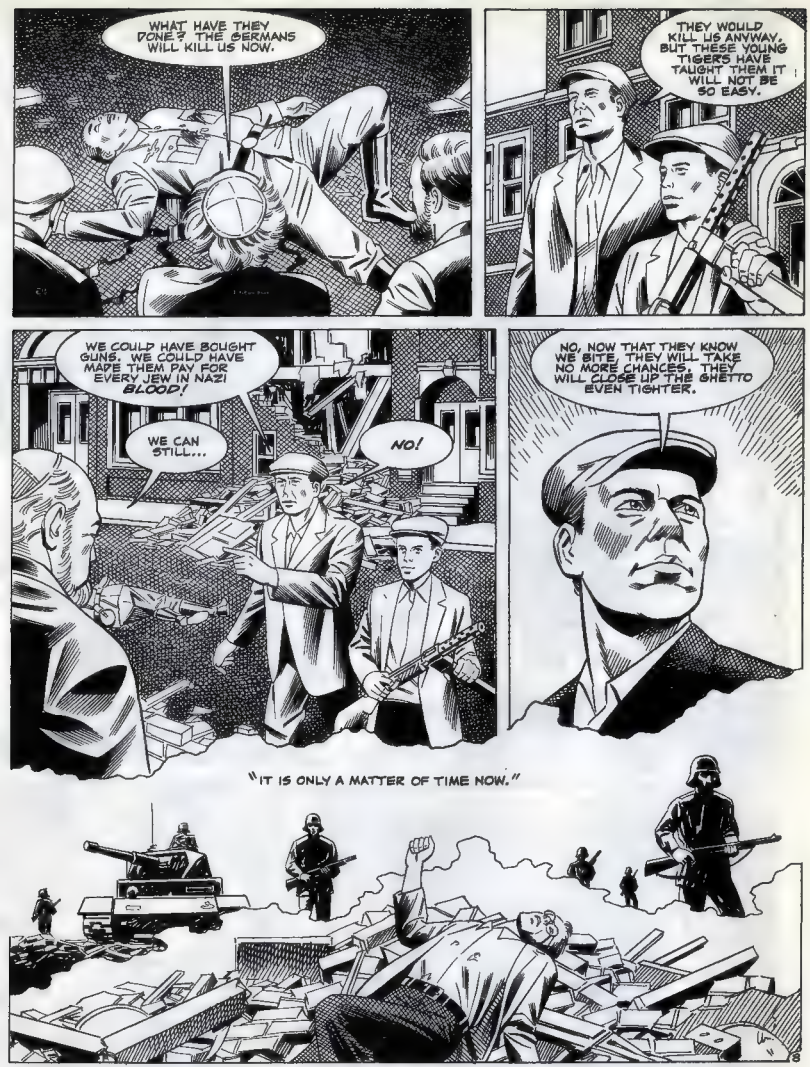
WE NEED SUPPORT GROUPS!

THE JEWS HAVE GUNS!
THEY ARE ARMED!

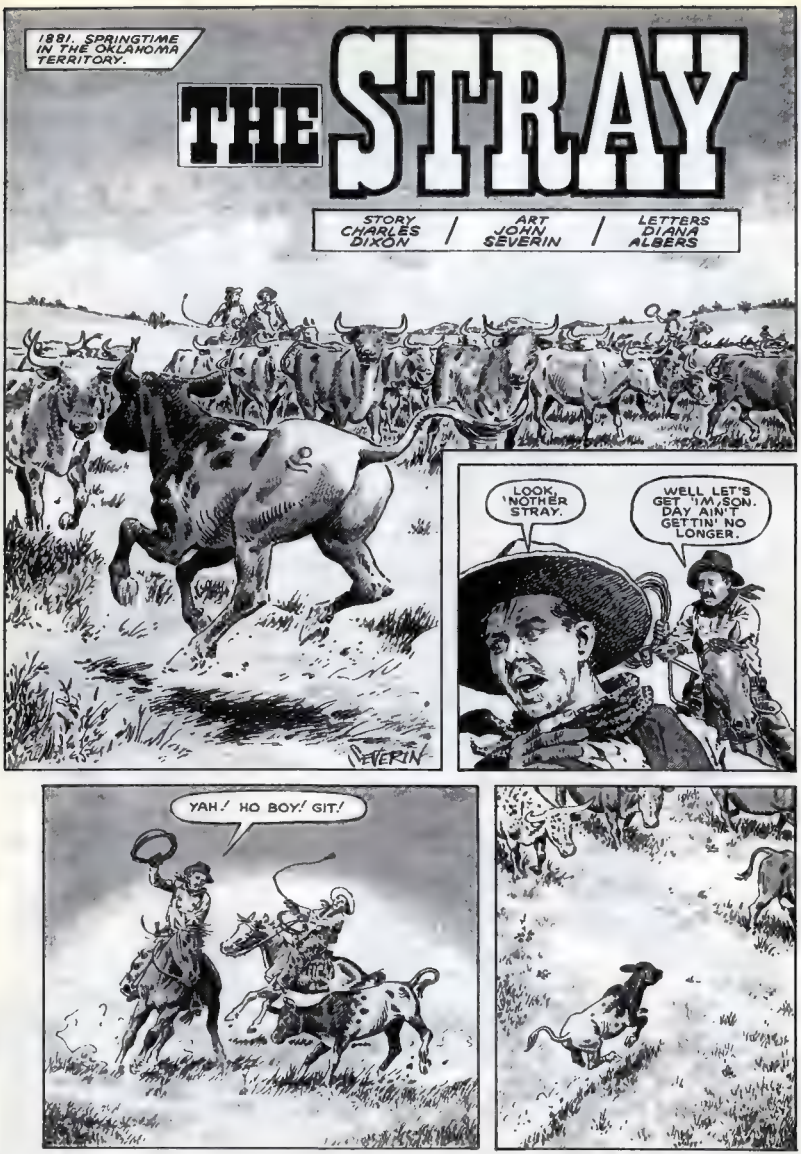


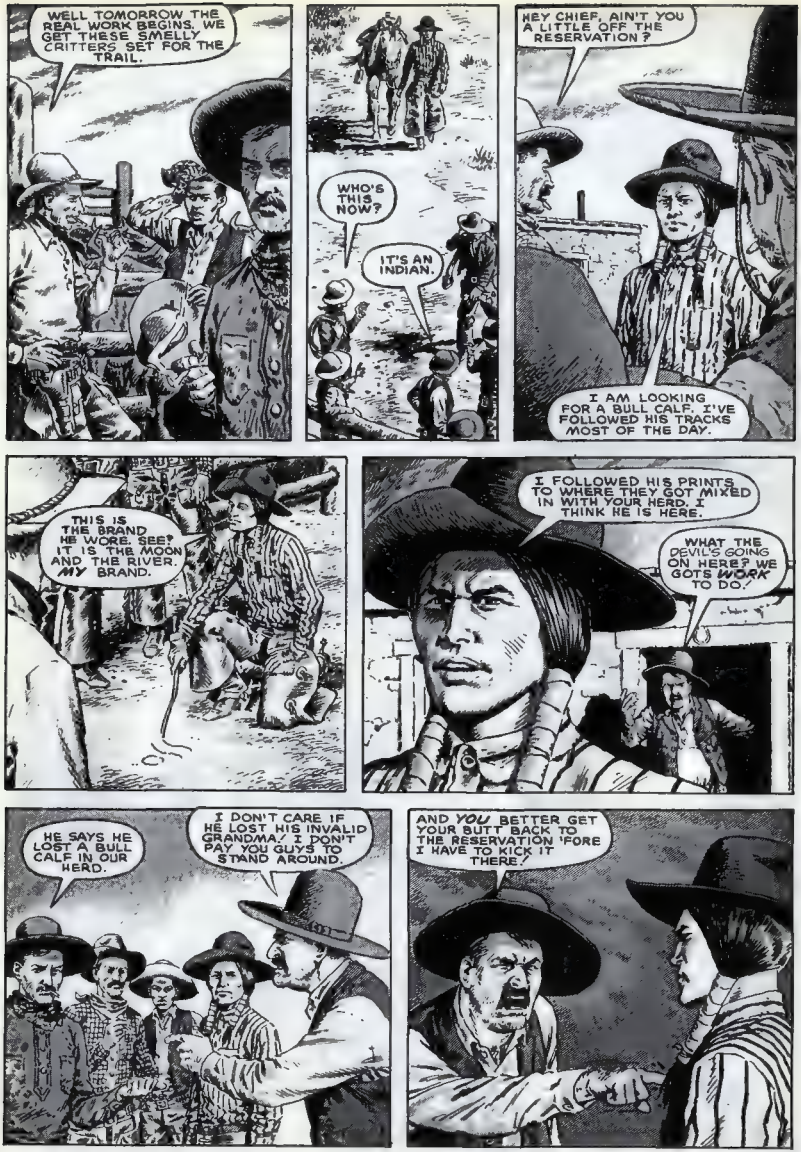

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?

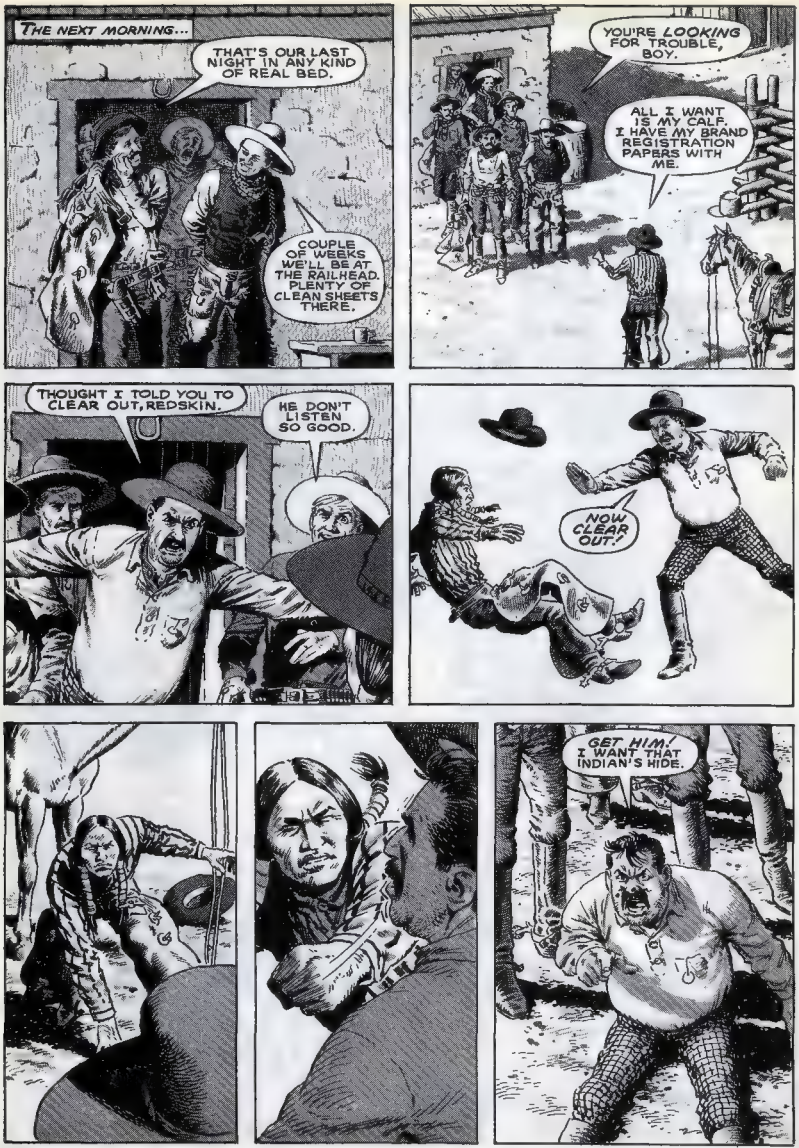

REB, LOOK! THE GERMANS CAN DIE TOO!


WHAT HAVE THEY DONE? THE GERMANS WILL KILL US NOW.
THEY WOULD KILL US ANYWAY. BUT THESE YOUNG TIGERS HAVE TAUGHT THEM IT WILL NOT BE SO EASY.
WE COULD HAVE BOUGHT GUNS. WE COULD HAVE MADE THEM PAY FOR EVERY JEW IN NAZI BLOOD!
WE CAN STILL...
NO!
NO, NOW THAT THEY KNOW WE BITE, THEY WILL TAKE NO MORE CHANCES. THEY WILL CLOSE UP THE GHETTO EVEN TIGHTER.
"IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME NOW."

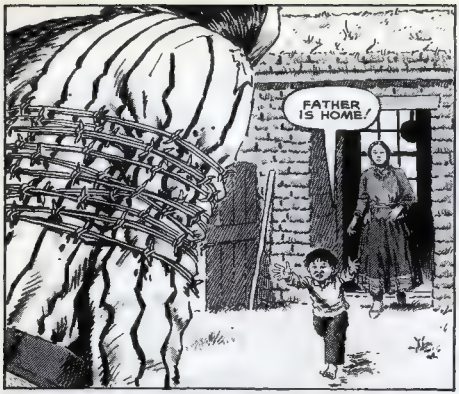
IN THE THREE YEARS OF ITS OCCUPATION, 400,000 JEWS WERE MARCHED TO THEIR DEATHS FROM THE WARSAW GHETTO. IT TOOK A MONTH OF BITTER FIGHTING BY SOME OF HITLER'S FINEST TROOPS TO EXTERMINATE THE 60,000 JEWS LEFT IN WARSAW.

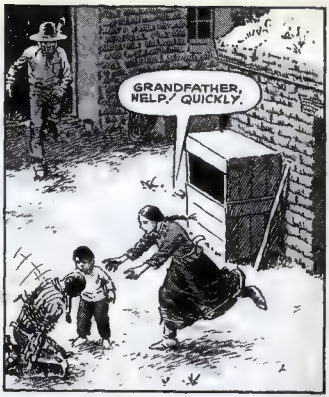

1881. SPRINGTIME IN THE OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.
THE STRAY
STORY CHARLES DIXON / ART JOHN SEVERIN / LETTERS DIANA ALBERS
SEVERIN
LOOK, 'NOTHER STRAY.
WELL LET'S GET 'IM, SON. DAY AIN'T GETTIN' NO LONGER.
YAH! HO BOY! GIT!


WELL TOMORROW THE REAL WORK BEGINS. WE GET THESE SMELLY CRITTERS SET FOR THE TRAIL.
WHO'S THIS NOW?
IT'S AN INDIAN.
HEY CHIEF, AIN'T YOU A LITTLE OFF THE RESERVATION?
I AM LOOKING FOR A BULL CALF. I'VE FOLLOWED HIS TRACKS MOST OF THE DAY.
THIS IS THE BRAND HE WORE. SEE? IT IS THE MOON AND THE RIVER. MY BRAND.
I FOLLOWED HIS PRINTS TO WHERE THEY GOT MIXED IN WITH YOUR HERD. I THINK HE IS HERE.
WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING ON HERE? WE GOTS WORK TO DO.
HE SAYS HE LOST A BULL CALF IN OUR HERD.
I DON'T CARE IF HE LOST HIS INVALID GRANDMA. I DON'T PAY YOU GUYS TO STAND AROUND.
AND YOU BETTER GET YOUR BUTT BACK TO THE RESERVATION 'FORE I HAVE TO KICK IT THERE.


THE NEXT MORNING...
THAT'S OUR LAST NIGHT IN ANY KIND OF REAL BED.
COUPLE OF WEEKS WE'LL BE AT THE RAILHEAD. PLENTY OF CLEAN SHEETS THERE.
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, BOY.
ALL I WANT IS MY CALF. I HAVE MY BRAND REGISTRATION PAPERS WITH ME.
THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO CLEAR OUT, REDSKIN.
HE DON'T LISTEN SO GOOD.
NOW CLEAR OUT!
GET HIM! I WANT THAT INDIAN'S HIDE.

GONNA TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS, BOY.
...GONNA TEACH YOU GOOD.
...UHHHH...
4


FATHER IS HOME.


GRANDFATHER, HELP! QUICKLY.

AFTER I AM THROUGH YOU WILL SLEEP.
I WILL NOT SLEEP. I WILL GO BACK.

NO. LET THE RESERVATION PEACE OFFICERS HANDLE THIS. IF YOU GO BACK THEY WILL KILL YOU.

THEY ARE INDIAN POLICE AND CAN ONLY ARREST INDIANS. THEY CAN NOT HELP ME.

THIS IS SOMETHING I MUST DO MYSELF.

TOOLEY, YOU AIN'T DEALT NOTHIN' GOOD ALL NIGHT.
MAYBE... YOU OUGHTA QUIT WHILE YOU STILL GOT SOME MONEY LEFT.
KRASH!
IT'S THAT INDIAN!
HE DON'T KNOW WHEN TO LIE DOWN.
BOOM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
OH SWEET LORDY.
WHOOOSH!

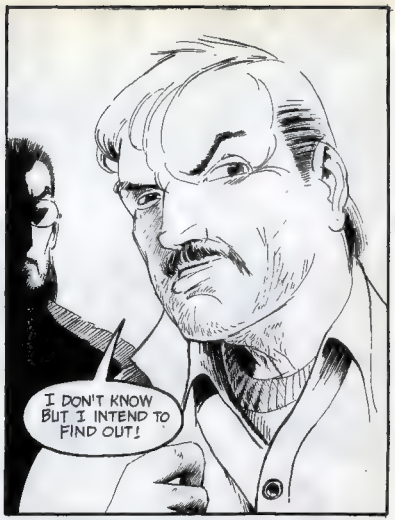
...GOTTA.. GASP... GET A HORSE UNDER ME... GASP.. GET OUTTA HERE.
YOU HAVE MY HORSE...
...AND MY CALP.
SURE... I'LL HELP YOU LOOK FOR 'EM.
BLAM!
YOU... WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS... BOY.

...THE LAW'LL HUNT YOU DOWN... YOU'LL PAY FOR WHAT YOU DONE... AT THE END OF A ROPE.
WHITE MAN'S LAW IS FOR WHITE MEN.
BL-BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
THE END

THE GRASS
BELFAST... NORTHERN IRELAND... IT COSTS MONEY TO RUN A TERRORIST ORGANIZATION LIKE THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY... BANKS HAVE LOTS OF MONEY...
BLOODY SPECIAL BRANCH BLOWERS!!
SOMEBODY NARKED ON US FOR SURE!
CAN'T SIT HERE ALL DAY!!
STORY CHARLES DIXON / ART DAVE MORRIS
RIGHT!
KA-CHOW!
WHOOSH!
FIRE TH' BLEEDIN' THING!!

KAWHRAM!!
MOVE IT, BOYS!! THE ARMY'LL BE COMIN'!
KELLY BRO
KACHOW!
KACHOW!
BRATTA BRATTA
WE'VE BEEN NARKED, I KNOW IT!!
I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D GET HERE!
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG??
RAN INTO A BIT O' TROUBLE.
A COMPLETE COCK-UP IF YOU ASK ME!

WHAT HAPPENED?
WE WAS NARKED ON, THAT'S WHAT. THERE'S A GRASS IN OUR HAPPY LITTLE GROUP.
BUT WHO?


I DON'T KNOW BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT!

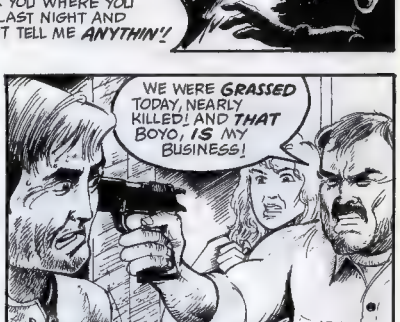
ANDY, TAKE KEELY OUTSIDE AND KEEP AN EYE OUT!
SURE.

WELL, WE KNOW WE WERE GRASSED, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHO THE SNAKE WAS. NO ONE OUTSIDE OF THE GROUP KNEW WE WERE GONNA ROB THAT BANK...

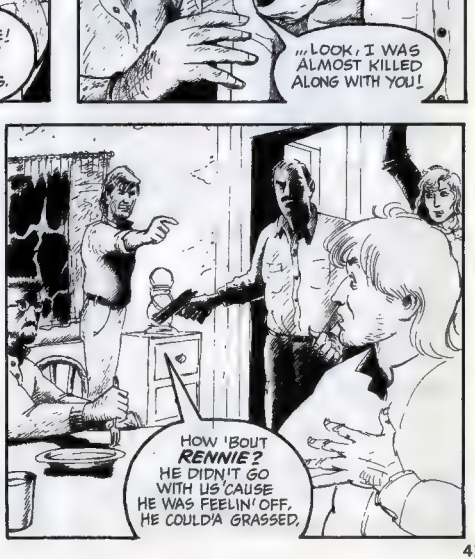
...I'M THINKING THAT YOU WERE UNACCOUNTED FOR FOR A FEW NIGHTS...
ME? YOU'RE DAFT, MAN!

YES, YOU, DUNCAN, I ASK YOU WHERE YOU WERE LAST NIGHT AND YOU DON'T TELL ME ANYTHIN'!

I TOLD YOU I WAS OUT HAVIN' A BIT WITH A GIRL!
WHAT GIRL?
A MARRIED ONE! AND THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.


WE WERE GRASSED TODAY, NEARLY KILLED! AND THAT BOYO, IS MY BUSINESS!
,,, LOOK, I WAS ALMOST KILLED ALONG WITH YOU!

I'LL TELL YOU WHO YOU SHOULD BE LOOKING AT McCORRIGAN,,,


HOW 'BOUT RENNIE? HE DIDN'T GO WITH US 'CAUSE HE WAS FEELIN' OFF. HE COULD'A GRASSED.

HE IS SICK, I BEEN WITH HIM ALL DAY.
I'VE THE RUNS, I SPENT MOST OF THE DAY IN THE BOG.

I'D NEVER NAME ANY-ONE!
OUTTA SMOKES?

ANDY? WHERE ARE YOU? LET US HAVE A COUPLA' FAGS.

C'MON, LAD, I'LL PAY YOU BACK FOR 'EM...

WHILE WE WAS OUT GETTIN' OUR BUTTS SHOT UP, THIS BOYO WAS BACK HERE SAFE AND SOUND HAVIN' TEA AN' BISCUITS WITH THERESA!

WHAT'RE YOU PLAYIN' AT DUNCAN?

NOTHING AT ALL McCORRIGAN. BUT MAYBE IF I WAS TO NARK ON A MATE AND HE'D BE KILLED OR LOCKED UP... I'D WANT TO "COMFORT" HIS POOR YOUNG WIDOW...
YOU BLOODY BLOWER!
LEAVE THE ROOM, THERESA.
SEAN, NO! HE DIDN'T DO ANY-THING!
LEAVE THE ROOM, THERESA!
SEAN... WE ONLY... IT WAS ONLY ONE TIME...
I WOULDN'T EVER GRASS YOU! ANY OF YOU!
KRAK!

THUD!
THUD!
KRAK!
SODDING GRASS BLOWER...
DUHHHRRR

BRATTA!BRATTA!BRATTA!BRATTA!
BRATTABRATTABRATTA!
BLAM
BLOODY SODDING S.A.S*STORM-TROOPERS!!
*SPECIAL AIR SERVICE.
BRATTA!BRATTA!BRATTA!
IT'S OVER, YOU CAN COME OUT NOW.
THEY'RE DEAD, EVERY ONE OF 'EM.
AND WHAT TOOK YOU LADS SO LONG?
SHUT YER GOB, MATE, THIS SAVED YOU FROM TEN IN CRUMLIN ROAD PRISON.
END

HENRY BISMONTE

JAKE LIME IN
"Stick it to me!"
IT'S A MUSCLE JOB. I'M THE BOUNCER AT ONE OF THOSE TRENDY ART GALLERY OPENINGS IN SOHO AND MOST OF THE EVENING I'VE SPENT CHECKING OUT THE EXHIBITS.
LISTEN, I DON'T KNOW FROM ART, BUT MOST OF THESE SO-CALLED PAINTERS COULDN'T DRAW A FLY.
ANYWAY, ALONG ABOUT 10, IT SUDDENLY LIVENS UP--
'M GONNA MAKE IT BETTER. GONNA PUT A MOUSTACHE ONNA LADY.
NOT TONIGHT, PAL!
DO YOURSELF A FAVOR. DON'T COME BACK... OR MAYBE I'LL RELOCATE YOUR EARS AROUND YOUR ANKLES.
SO THE JOKE AIN'T GOOD. NEITHER IS THE ACT THIS LOSER IS PUTTING ON.
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT IT BECAUSE AS SOON AS I'M BACK INSIDE...
BLAM!
PRIVATE OFFICE
A SHOT!

WRITER--D. O'NEIL ARTIST--M. DAVIS LETTERER--P. FELIX

THE SOUND CAME FROM THE OFFICE IN THE REAR OF THE GALLERY. THE DOOR'S LOCKED--
KLAMB!
--BUT NOT FOR LONG!
I RECOGNIZE HIM RIGHT AWAY. HE'S HAROLD KLINGER-- THE OWNER OF THIS PHONIES' PARADISE.
FROM ACROSS THE ROOM, I CAN TELL HE'S REAL DEAD.
I GLIMPSE MOVEMENT FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE.
SOMEBODY'S RUNNING ACROSS THE ADJOINING ROOFTOP. CHANCES ARE HE'S NOT RUNNING TO CATCH A BUS.
I THROW OPEN THE WINDOW--
--AND IT CLOSES!
WAM!
OWWW!
OH MY GRACIOUS!
I TURN. I'M LOOKING AT TOBIAS FRAME, KLINGER'S PARTNER. IT'S NOT A TREAT. I FIGURE THIS GUY'S MOUSTACHE MUST HIDE HIS STRETCH MARKS.
IS HE SLAIN?
YEAH.
HOW ABOUT YOU MOURN LATER. RIGHT NOW, LOOK AROUND... IS ANYTHING MISSING?
OODLES.
THERE'S A LOT OF JUNK JEWELRY WE WERE GOING TO USE IN A WINDOW DISPLAY... GLASS DIAMONDS, EMERALDS, STUFF. BUT THE WORST IS THIS!
A STICK?

NOT JUST A STICK. A PRE-COLUMBIAN MEDICINE STICK... THE ONLY ONE OF IT'S KIND. WE WERE KEEPING IT FOR A CLIENT. WORTH A QUARTER MIL--
PRIVATE
GOT YOU! OKAY, CALL THE COPS. I'M GONNA CATCH A KILLER.
DO YOU MIND IF I ASK WHY & YOU WEREN'T HIRED TO PROTECT HAROLD.
TRUE. BUT IT HAPPENED RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE, AND I GOT A REP.
WITH HAMMER OUTTA THAT LIMEY SLAMMER AND SCUDDER OFF THE SAUCE, THE P.I. FIELD'S GETTIN' CROWDED AGAIN. GOTTA PROTECT MY CORNER OF IT.
DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT YOU LOOK LIKE ROBERT REDFORD?
NAW. THEY USUALLY SAY EASTWOOD.
MY FACE EMBARRASSES ME. I'D RATHER LOOK LIKE BOOM BOOM MANCINI ...OR MAYBE HULK HOGAN.
I SPEND A FEW MINUTES POKING AROUND IN THE ALLEYWAY BETWEEN THE GALLERY AND THE NEXT BUILDING --
-- THEN I CABBED IT UP TO HELL'S KITCHEN. I GOT OUT IN FRONT OF A BOARDING HOUSE A COUPLE OF BLOCKS WEST OF BROADWAY. THE KIND THAT COMES WITH A BUILT-IN ROBBER. HE'S CALLED THE LANDLORD.
A MINUTE LATER I WAS DOING MY NUMBER AGAIN.
KRAK
3

THE PLACE WAS SO SMALL THE GUY MUST'VE SLEPT WITH THE DOORKNOB. I RECOGNIZED HIM. OF COURSE.
WHO PAID YOU TO PULL THAT ACT IN SOHO?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
TOO BAD ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT.
WHAT ACCIDENT?
THAT ONE!
KRAK!
THAT WAS OPENERS. I'M ABOUT TO MAKE YOUR INSURANCE BROKER A VERY UNHAPPY MAN.
OKAY, OKAY...
...IT WAS A PIMP WHO WORKS THE THEATER DISTRICT. CALLS HIMSELF DIAMOND JOSHUA.
HOW'D YOU KNOW? THAT I WAS ACTING? THAT I WASN'T REALLY DRUNK?
EASY. YOUR BREATH DIDN'T MAKE MY EYES WATER.
I KNOW DRUNKS, PAL.
ANOTHER QUESTION. HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
MY OLD MAN WAS AN ACTOR.
I STILL HANG OUT WITH THE SHOW CROWD. SAW YOU AT THE STAGE DELI A WEEK AGO.
I STOP AT MY CRIB TO PICK UP A TOOL OR TWO AND THEN I AMBLE IT TO TIMES SQUARE.
IT'S MIDNIGHT, SO I KNOW I'M SAFE. THAT'S WHEN THE MUGGERS CHANGE SHIFTS.

HERE YOU GO, MAUDEY! BUY YOURSELF A GLASS OF BUBBLY!
THANK YOU, JACOB.
MAUDEY WAS ONCE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ON BROADWAY. MAYBE IN THE COUNTRY.
LIFE STINKS.
I ENTER THE HOTEL DEL RIO. SHEETS ARE SO HOT HERE THEY MAKE THEM OUT OF ASBESTOS.
YOU KNOW YOU LOOK LIKE THAT GUY IN THE MOVIES? WHAT'S HIS NAME?
MICKEY ROONEY.
IT HAPPENS THEN. THE FEELING IN THE GUT. THE BODY BAG FEELING I FIRST GOT IN 'NAM.
'UR
FLAP
16B
FAMK!!
THE PIMPS' POKER GAME IS USUALLY ON THE SECOND FLOOR. STOSH MAGEE IS STANDING GUARD, LIKE ALWAYS.
HIYA, STOSH. I SEE YOU ESCAPED FROM THE UGLY FARM AGAIN.
YOU CAN'T GO IN, JAKE. ORDERS.
2
MAKE YOU A DEAL, STOSHY. I STAND HERE AND YOU GIVE ME YOUR BEST SHOT. YOU KNOCK ME DOWN. I GO AWAY PEACEFUL.
YOU JUST STAND THERE?
NONE'A THAT TRICKY STUFF LIKE WHEN YOU WAS IN THEM PRO KARATE FIGHTS?
THAT'S THE DEAL.
YOU CAN'T BEAT STOSH FOR DUMB.
WAK!
5

YOU SAID YOU WAS JUS' GONNA STAND THERE...
I LIED.
WUMP!
THE WAY I'M OPERATING TONIGHT, I OUGHT TO ASK THE DOOR MAKERS FOR A PERCENTAGE.
KRA-SH!
EVENING, GENTLEMEN.
BEANS, LUKE, JIMMY, TOM-- TAKE A HIKE. MY BUSINESS IS WITH DIAMOND JOSH. NO SENSE IN ANYBODY ELSE GETTING HURT.
WE CAN'T LET YOU BUST UP THE GAME, JAKE--
--IT'D SET A BAD EXAMPLE!

OKAY--
--I'LL BUST YOU UP!
BEANS WILL BE BEATING HIS WOMEN WITH HIS LEFT HAND FOR A FEW MONTHS.
KRAK
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
KLA
BLAM

A WASTE.
HE DIDN'T HAVE TO DIE.
TAKE A LOOK WHERE YOU'RE STANDING, JOSH. GOOD LOOK. 'CAUSE IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER SEE.
WE CAN MAKE A DEAL.
I DON'T DEAL WITH KILLERS. BAD FOR BUSINESS.
I HADDA KILL HIM.
WE WAS IN A DRUG DEAL TOGETHER AN' HE DONE A RIP OFF. I WAS ONLY GETTIN' MINE!
SO YOU HIRED THE ACTOR TO GET MY ATTENTION.
YEAH. I WASN'T SURE I COULD GET TO HIM LATER.
AN' I LUCKED OUT! I WAS HOPIN' TO FIND MONEY AN' INSTEAD I GOT THESE--! DIAMONDS! RUBIES!
JUNK.
GLASS THEY WERE GONNA PUT IN THE WINDOW. WHAT YOU SHOULD'VE GRABBED IS THIS!
THAT STICK? I USED IT TO-
PROP OPEN THE WINDOW. I KNOW.
I FOUND IT IN THE ALLEYWAY.
PRETTY SMART, AIN'T 'CHA? WELL, IN A SECOND, YOU GONNA BE PRETTY DEAD!
KLIK
KLIK
Z!?
I FIRED BOTH BARRELS INTO YOUR PAL. NO SENSE IN SAVING THE SHELL...
KRAK!
...YOU WEREN'T GOING TO BE A PROBLEM.
DAMN.
END

Ammo's
GUN STORE
SATUR
NIGH
SPECI
SALE
E.C. WAS HERE!

IN 1918 THE GERMAN ARMY UNDER LUDENDORFF LAUNCHED THE LARGEST OFFENSIVE OF THE GREAT WAR. IT COST THE ALLIES 120,000 LIVES AND IT COST ONE MAN...
Gisèlle
YOU WILL WAIT FOR ME, WON'T YOU GISÈLLE? IT WON'T BE LONG - WE'LL PUSH THE JERRIES BACK TO THEIR TRENCHES!
I WILL WAIT MON CHERI, FOR YOU I WAIT FOREVER.
WHAT THE BLOODY 'ELL?
GET YOUR ARSE IN YOUR PLANE AND TAKE OFF! LESS YOU WANT THE BLOODY JERRIES FLYIN' IT!
SIR!

I'LL BE BACK, DARLING! SAY YOU'LL WAIT.
I WILL WAIT FOREVER!
1499
I'M SO WORRIED. HOW WILL SHE GET ON, SERGEANT?
DON'T WORRY SON, SHE'LL GET ON.
THAT KIND ALWAYS DO.
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER.
I SAY, WHAT'S WITH RIDGLEY? HE LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S BROKEN HIS BAT/
STILL PINING FOR THAT FRENCH BARMAID WE LEFT BEHIND.
N71

BUCK UP OLD MAN, THERE'LL BE OTHER GIRLS.
NOT FOR ME, BREWSTER, SHE'S MY ONE TRUE LOVE.
RUBBISH, SHE WAS NOTHING BUT A COMMON TART.
KLOP!
YOU SAY ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN AND I'LL DO YOU UP RIGHT!
AND THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU LOT,
I WON'T STAND FOR ANY MORE TALK OF MY GISELLE!
THAT BOY'S IN FOR A GRAVE DISAPPOINTMENT.
THE ONLY THING THAT GIRL'S INTERESTED IN IS HIS FAMILY'S MONEY.

PLANES!
JERRY PLANES!
TAKATATAKATAKA!
KRA-BOOM!
ZOOM!
TAKA TAKA TAKA KA-BLAM!
THAT'S ONE CHEEKY DEVIL!
LOOK! HE'S VEERING BACK!
THE JERRY'S DROPPING SOMETHING!

WELL, WHAT IS IT?
POOR FOOL!
HE'S GOT IT BAD!
THE NEXT WEEK THE GROUP WAS AIRBORNE AGAIN.
SMASHING WEATHER... YOU CAN SEE FOR MILES!
N4835

TAKATAKATAKATAKATAKATAKA!
JERRIES! ROLL RIGHT, MEN!
YOU!
TAKATAKA!
VIP!
VEEIP!
VIP! KACHAW!

K-K-KRASH!
CURSES!
I'LL GET YOU! YOU HEINIE MONGREL! I'LL GET YOU WITH OR WITHOUT A PLANE!
I WILL!

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...
I'VE FOUND YOU!
I MADE IT ALL THE WAY ACROSS NO-MAN'S LAND TO EVEN OUR SCORE!
OU BIST VERUCKHTE!
MAD AM I?
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW MAD!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
CLICK! CLICK!

GISELLE! I'VE COME TO RESCUE YOU!
WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT?
JERRIES! I'LL PROTECT YOU FROM THEM, MY LOVE!
I'LL DIE RATHER THAN LET THEM TOUCH YOU!
IDIOT!
KLOP!
IN A GERMAN PRISON CAMP WEEKS LATER.
AND THIS IS MY THERESA. WE'RE GETTING MARRIED SOON AS THE FIGHTING'S OVER.
LOVELY GIRL. THIS IS MARY.
BLOODY FOOLS!
das ende